

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## To-Morrow.

The glory of our lives seems cast before;  
The shadow lies behind, or here; and o'er  
To-day we hear the whisper evermore,  
"To-morrow!"

But suns go down, and night-times draw anigh;  
Pale lights push slowly through the pearl-gray sky;  
And still we think, slate, or with a sigh—  
"To-morrow!"

For little comes that is not over-late,  
Behind our want, and half despoiled by fate.  
To-day defrauded, hoping, we await  
To-morrow.

Perpetual years seem hid in it away  
To blossom, aloe-aged, into to-day.  
That changing leaves, with things that change and stay,  
To-morrow.

Recede, O Time, and let your days slip by  
Like the thin gray clouds, wind-driven hurriedly,  
Till shines benignant o'er us from your sky,  
To-morrow!

No! See—the winds blow brisk across the bay:  
The pligrim waves, white-cowled, from far away,  
Could even reach no shore of yesterday.

To-morrow!

No soul has ever lived that day to view.  
No iris e'er was prised in its dew.  
Mirage of Time! How vainly we pursue  
To-morrow;

And lose to-day—the yesterday to be,  
And vista for our yearning reverie,  
And cheat our souls with what no soul may see—  
To-morrow!

—*Almont Barnes.*

## General La Fayette.

Among that vast number of celebrated characters who have figured so prominently on the field of battle, or have shone so conspicuously in the civil administration of governments, or labored so assiduously in the cause of justice and humanity, there is none so eminently deserving our admiration and respect as General La Fayette. Left an orphan at the age of thirteen, with possession and complete control of an extensive and valuable estate, and entirely master of his own affairs; surrounded by the splendor of that brilliant court circle, of which he was a worthy favorite, he forsook all these advantages, these promising indications of a brilliant future—forsook even the company of his highly accomplished, beautiful, and

charming young wife, to join the bare-footed, half-starved, and half-clad regiments of our then thirteen struggling despised colonies, to wield his sword with patriotic zeal in defense of liberty and justice. With his personal funds he purchased and equipped a ship, which victoriously ran the gauntlet of British cruisers, and safely landed its precious cargo on the shores of the "cradle of liberty." The inhabitants of Charleston gave him a splendid reception, one worthy of such a distinguished guest. When his plans were matured, he departed from Charleston; and upon his arrival at Philadelphia, his destination, he placed before Congress his generous proposal, viz.: "to be allowed to serve as a Volunteer, and to receive no pay." The patriots who composed this congress could not refuse such a noble, generous, and disinterested proposal; therefore he was duly commissioned Major-General in the Continental Army. At this time, La Fayette was but twenty years old. He had not yet met the great Washington, by whom, to a certain extent La Fayette's future career was to be shaped. But when they did meet, Washington gave him that searching glance before which fraud and cowardice could not exist for a moment without detection. The "Father of his Country" was satisfied by his first glance that La Fayette was a hero and patriot; and having complimented him on the noble and liberty-loving spirit which he manifested, invited him to always consider himself as a most dear friend and member of his family. From this first interview, a warm feeling of friendship, which afterwards ripened into love, sprung up between these two immortal heroes and continued without the least interruption during the remainder of their lives. La Fayette's military record is known to the world; and the eyes of those inclined to criticise the actions of men have as yet failed to find a spot or blemish of any description upon it. On the field of Brandywine, where he so eminently distinguished himself as to merit promotion to the commandership of a division, he fell, pierced by a bullet; and long before he had entirely recovered from the effects of this mishap, we again find him on the field of battle, rendering important and never-to-be-forgotten services to the American cause. His movements against New Jersey and Rhode Island, and that brilliant retreat by which he eluded the machinations of the combined forces of the enemy, firmly established for him a military record of which any general might be justly proud. The records of many a hard-fought battle attest his patriotic bravery, and show the zeal manifested by him in the glorious cause of liberty. After the surrender of Cornwallis, he returned to his own sunny land, and found himself the object of popular admiration. He was a member of the National Convention and commander of the army. While serving in this capacity, he was victorious in the following battles: Manburge,

Flornness and Philiperville. In the year 1792, he was denounced by the Jacobins, and while fleeing from them to escape death on the guillotine, he fell into the hands of the Austrians, by whom he was detained in captivity for a long time, despite the strenuous and repeated efforts made by Washington for his liberation. His release was peremptorily demanded and obtained by Napoleon in 1797.

La Fayette was now becoming old in the services which he had rendered to his country and to the cause of liberty and justice. The Congress of the United States passed a resolution empowering President Monroe to invite him as a national guest to America, an honor extended to no other foreign nobleman. This Monroe did in his happiest manner, and also offered to place a man-of-war at La Fayette's disposal. The invitation was accepted, but he declined the proffered man-of-war. The news of his intended arrival awakened anew the old cry for freedom; and the deafening cheers, roar of cannon, and strains of martial music which hailed La Fayette's arrival to that country, for which he had done so much, were indicative of the love and esteem which the American people felt for him. The morning of the 15th of August, the day of his arrival, was bright and promising; while thousands were gathered together to do honor to him who served their country so long and well. The shouts of forty thousand people welcomed him to the shores of America. After leaving New York, he travelled through all the States of the Union, then twenty-four in number, receiving honors and civic laudations that a king might envy. Everywhere he met old comrades, whose joyous shouts and welcome greetings gave him ample testimony of the gratitude and respect which the American people felt for him on account of his noble exertions against tyranny and oppression; in a word, his visit to America was one of continual ovation. When the time for his departure approached, he repaired to Washington to pay his respects to President Adams, who had succeeded Monroe. While there, the Congress of the United States voted him the sum of two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land, as a partial recompense for his services, both civil and military, in the cause of freedom. On the day of his departure, Adams, in the name of the whole people, bid him a "reluctant but affectionate farewell." He then embarked on the Brandywine, so called in honor of the first battle in which La Fayette participated for American Independence. A few years after his return to France, he acted as mediator between the Crown and the people; and it was principally through his influence and exertions that Louis Philip was elevated to the throne of France; and this he did believing he was establishing a monarchy based on republican principles.

The earthly career of General La Fayette was brought to a close in 1834, when his soul took its flight heavenward to meet its God: to receive from Him that reward which his devotedness to the interests of his fellow-man and to the cause of liberty undoubtedly won for him. The career of this devoted, self-sacrificing patriot stands without a parallel in the history of either ancient or modern times. He was no needy adventurer seeking to retrieve lost fortunes in another country; he was no profigate or fugitive from justice, seeking to cover his disgrace or escape the punishment of crime; he was no seeker after vulgar glory, nor was he the slave of vain ambition. No: La Fayette was of the noblest, wealthiest, and proudest family in France. He contributed one hundred and forty-thousand dollars to clothe the half-naked soldiers of liberty.

Whatever he did for America was done solely through a love of liberty; it was for this that he crossed the sea, and made the cause of the then poor, weak, and despised colonies his cause. The cause of liberty was the noble one to which General La Fayette devoted his life and fortune. His name is associated with that of Washington; they are both written on the pages of history, and shall be transmitted from generation to generation as the champions of liberty. The name of La Fayette will never be forgotten while a land of liberty exists.

All lonely and cold in the sepulchre slumbers  
The giant of freedom—the chosen of fame!  
Too high is the theme for my harp's lowly members;  
Yet fain would I twine me a wreath for thy name,  
Whick proudly shines forth on the tablet of glory,  
Unsullied by faction, untarnished by guile:  
The loftiest theme for the bard's raptured story—  
The name by which freemen met death with a smile.

Thou camest to our shores when the day-star of freedom  
Was proudly dispelling dark tyranny's night,  
When millions awoke to the rank she decreed them,  
And millions of despots were scattered in flight.  
When the star-spangled banner waves sheen in the morning.

The heart of the freeman will bound at thy name:  
Thou, champion of freedom, fell, tyranny scorning,  
One world was too small for the blaze of thy fame!

Bright, bright is the path thou has left of thy glory,  
Amid the world's darkness, which shall ne'er decline,  
For the light of thy fame on the ages before thee,  
With splendor unsullied, forever will shine.  
When freedom's bright fabric lay blackened in ruin,  
When blood-thirsty tyrants usurped the dread sway,  
At the roots of the proud tree of liberty hewing,  
All hopes for the land of thy love died away.

With Washington blended, forever thy glory  
Shall form the proud theme of our bards' burning lays,  
While the banner of freedom shall proudly wave o'er thee,  
Thou mighty departed, thou light of our days,  
Be still, my wild harp! all in vain lament him:  
His praise must be sung by some loftier lyre;  
Let the soul-raptured bard use the gift heaven has left him,  
And weave for our hero a *requiem* of fire!

Farewell, thou last star of that bright constellation  
Of heroes, whose glory can never depart;  
Thy fame hath no limit of kindred or nation;  
Thy name is enshrined on each patriot's heart.

JOHN P. HAGAN.

—A coin is in itself a history. There was once a lost city which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he overran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger on Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist. There were the letters Pandosia inscribed on it, but, what was better, there was an emblem, indicative of a well-known river, the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with the same certainty as if the piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position in Brutium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography, its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a quarter of a dollar, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British Museum \$1,000, the price they paid for it.

### The Knight Templars.

Many of our readers, who did not attend the "Great Triennial Conclave" of this old and historical organization at Chicago, last August, have, no doubt, read the glowing accounts in the daily papers of their doings there. Embracing within its fold so many thousands, of our best fellow-citizens, thirty thousand of whom assembled in Chicago last August, we think that a word or two in regard to the origin, suppression throughout Europe in 1312, and the present condition of the Knight Templars might prove interesting to many of our readers.

The birth of the Templars may be traced to the first fervor of the Crusades; their foundation dates from about the year 1118, at which time the Church was engaged in a holy war against the Saracens, which is commonly known as the *crusades*. The followers of Jesus Christ were being constantly assailed by the sons of the prophet, who stood at the very gates of Constantinople, and threatened to annihilate the Christian name. It was for the purpose of driving back this savage horde, that the Catholic world was called together, and asked to take up arms in defence of their lives, homes, and religion. Right nobly was the appeal responded to, and in a short time the chivalry of Europe was seen hastening to the rescue of the Christian world, led on by such heroes as Godfrey de Bullion, Eustace, Raymond, Tancred, Baldwin du Bourg, and a host of other heroes, whose names will be held in veneration forever. In a short time they wrest Jerusalem from the Saracen's grasp, and the Christian world is again free to visit the scenes of the Saviour's sufferings without fear of being molested, and again kneel in reverential awe before the Holy Sepulchre.

It was before this holy spot that Hugh de Payns, Geoffrey de Saint-Omer, and seven other knights met, and swore to devote their swords and lives to the defence of the true religion against the Saracens. And this is the manner in which the famous Knight Templars, or, as they were first called, "The Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon," originated.

They occupied the ground east of the Temple, and followed the rule of St. Augustine, which bound them to hear Mass every day, to abstain from flesh four days in the week, and forbade them to use milk and eggs on Friday. Their dress consisted of a long white mantle, with a red Maltese cross on each shoulder; St. Bernard, the holy abbot of Clairvaux, drew up their Constitution, which originally consisted of seventy-two articles, which was afterwards modified to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing Order. They were all required to make the following vow: "I promise to defend, by word and deed, and to uphold at the risk of my life, each and every dogma of the Catholic Church. I promise obedience to the Grand Master of the Order, and submission to the statutes of our blessed Father Bernard. I am ready to go and fight beyond the seas whenever necessity may require. I will never fly before the unbelievers. I promise to observe perfect continence. So help me God and His holy Gospels!" Such was the oath which these men took, and which they faithfully observed for nearly two centuries. During this time they were indeed the pride and ornament of the Church, and their valor and heroism caused them to be looked upon as her bulwark.

When, at the beginning of the 12th century, Zenghi, Emir of Mosul, captured Edessa, and put all the Chris-

tians found therein to the sword; when Ascalon was taken, and the Holy City again threatened by the Saracens, we find them nobly defending their holy trust; and when, later on, the Holy City fell, through the weakness of Queen Sybilla, a prey to the victorious arms of Saladin, we find the Templars shedding the last drop of their blood in its defence. Though all other inhabitants of the city were either killed in its defence or required to evacuate the city in forty days, we find that the victorious conqueror allowed the Templars to remain and take care of the wounded. Sad indeed must have been the state of affairs in the Holy City at this time, for we read that over one hundred thousand persons were crowded within its walls before the battle. Thousands of those were, of course, slain or badly wounded; and the heroic sacrifice made by the Templars, in staying and taking care of them, is truly admirable. The Holy City remained under Saracen sway for a long period, until Richard, the lion-hearted, compelled Saladin to again open its gates to the devotion of Christendom. In the fierce contest which raged at this time between infidel and Christian, the Templars did most effective work. In 1270, when Prince Edward of England found it necessary to help the Christians of Jerusalem who were again made the objects of the Saracen persecution, we find that the foremost to join his ranks were the intrepid and valorous Templars.

We now come to the time of the Templars suppression in about the year 1323. The reason of their suppression is best given in the words of Darres. "So long," says he, "as the Templars observed their vows, they were as truly the ornament of the Church by their virtues as they had been its bulwark by their valor; and when, in the middle of the twelfth century, St. Bernard eulogized their devotion to the Church, their piety and their courage, his praise was but the expression of truth. But when the multiplied munificence of princes had poured into their coffers the wealth of kingdoms, the vices which usually follow in the train of opulence found an easy entrance among them. They lost the first spirit of their Order, and their downward course began. The very men whose aim, at first, had been to imitate the simplicity of the Saviour, now displayed a scandalous magnificence, dwelt in gorgeous palaces, and treated on terms of equality with kings. Those men whose lives should have been ruled by charity, were seen in the full glare of pride, violence, and plunder spoiling the churches of their tithes and primatial offerings, and laying hands upon ecclesiastical property."

So far did they go in their scandalous course that we find Innocent III, in 1218, saying, that the Templars trampled upon the respect due to the Apostolic See, and already by their insubordination deserved to lose the privilege granted them by his liberality. The Christian world could, at first, hardly believe that those who had rendered such signal service in the cause of religion, the splendid feats of whose arms had dazzled the world, could be guilty of the charges brought against them. These charges were, however, found to be true by the canonical investigation made by Pope Clement V. Even Clement himself could not believe the charges brought against them until seventy-two of the Knights unqualifiedly avowed that the charges brought against them, namely, that of denying Jesus Christ, spitting and trampling upon the Cross, the worship of obscene idols, and indulgence of the impure passions, were true. Their trial lasted for four years. Clement, after a careful and conscientious examination of

everything connected with their trial, published the Bull of Suppression on the 3d of April, 1312.

Some have charged Pope Clement with undue severity in his treatment of the Knight Templars. This is a mere assertion which the historical facts of the case will not bear out. Some, again, question his right to suppress them. But when we remember that this was a *religious* as well as a military Order, this objection falls to the ground. Some impute the execution of Molay, the Grand-Master, as well as that of Guy of Auvergne, to a decree of the Pope; but this is another false imputation. The facts of the case are, that Molay, Guy, Hugh Peyraud and Geoffrey, four of the chief dignitaries, appeared before the Papal delegates and confirmed the truth of the charges made against them. A sentence of perpetual imprisonment was then pronounced upon them; hearing which, Guy and Molay declared that they had committed the greatest of crimes in acknowledging the truth of the charges. Hugh Peyraud and Geoffrey of Gondeville stuck to their first avowals. The Papal commission was unwilling to act hastily in such an important matter, and therefore ordered an adjournment, at the same time placing the prisoners under the custody of the king's provost. Philip the Fair hearing of this, immediately ordered Guy and Molay to be executed. These are the facts of the case as history gives them to us; therefore, those who charge Clement V with being the cause of their execution, either tell a deliberate falsehood, or are ignorant of the history of the affair.

Such are the facts connected with the suppression of the Knight Templars in the 13th century. In the 19th century we again find them existing in magnificent splendor; but now they have no worthy object in view. They met at Chicago last summer, and made a truly brilliant appearance. So many were the Catholic emblems displayed by them on that occasion, that a foreigner, or some one not knowing otherwise, would have been led into the belief that some great Catholic festival was being held. The sign of man's redemption, and such mottoes as, "*In hoc signo vinces*," "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*," and several others, whose origin can be traced back to the ages of Catholic chivalry, were conspicuously displayed. While we cannot but admire their magnificence, we are sorry to think that they have no more worthy object in view than opposition to Catholicity.

#### Mr. Robert King at Notre Dame.

We were favored with another visit from this distinguished dramatic reader and elocutionist on the 14th and 15th inst. On the 14th, Mr. King regaled the Euglossians and invited guests with the subjoined well-considered remarks upon the necessity of the study of Elocution, after which he rendered in a masterly manner the speech of Cassius instigating Brutus to the death of Cæsar, the oration of Brutus after the killing of Cæsar, and also that of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar—first act of Hamlet—and the famous soliloquy on death. On the evening of the 15th, Phelan Hall was filled by an audience composed of the Faculty and students and guests from abroad. Mr. King seemed to have surpassed himself in the rendering of Othello on this occasion. His large audience was wrought to great enthusiasm by the electric manner in which he rendered the various parts of this great tragedy. Mr.

King will always be welcome at Notre Dame. The following is Mr. King's address to the students on this occasion:

**GENTLEMEN:**—No less an authority than the profound scholar, Bishop Berkeley, has said: "Nine-tenths of the talent and learning of our country is lost to it for want of attention to elocution."

What the learned Berkeley means by this expression is, that whatever advantages of education the talent of the country may have enjoyed and taken proper advantage of in the acquiring of a clever education, that all this talent and learning is lost to the country if, during the existence of the student in his college or his university, he has neglected the study of elocution. What is the benefit of what you have acquired—save to yourself—if you lack the ability to impart your knowledge to others in a clear, comprehensive and forcible manner? Most of you no doubt are just now undecided as to the profession or business you may ultimately determine to adopt; but let us suppose it may be the law: what will become of you, if with all the learning you possess, you lack the elocutionary talent to make your knowledge known and felt before a court, or before a court and jury? What if you chose the life of a theologian? are you not dwarfed in your sphere of usefulness by an inability to make your sermons *full* of the power and beauty of language? You may be one of the most exemplary and devoted followers of Jesus, but all this will avail you but little if you fail to have that command of language, and unction in its delivery, that will rouse the dormant intellects of your hearers, and lead them to lay hold of the truths of the Gospel, when you have by your oratory, your earnestness and your well-known piety brought conviction to their minds. Shall you become a mere politician! you may be ever so clever in manipulating political jobs, but if you do not earn the reputation of also being a clever and forcible speaker, half your influence over men is lost.

If you should have loftier aspirations, and wish to become a statesman, you might possess all the political knowledge required to fill the position, and have more than an average amount of patriotism burning within your breast, but if you fail to carry the hearts of men with you in your political schemes, however grand, palpable, and noble they may be, (by the power of your eloquence, which can only be acquired by a study of elocution,) all your learning and all your patriotism will fail to attract men to your support.

Should you have no ambition when coming to full manhood beyond that of being a successful merchant? If you succeed, you naturally become a man more or less remarked in the community where you may reside. Your very success in business has proved your abilities as a merchant. (And I will not allow myself to think any graduate of Notre Dame will ever fail to carry *probity* and *honor* into whatever sphere of life he may ultimately choose to adopt.)

But in this case you are a successful merchant; and as you no doubt already know, it is a common occurrence in all American communities that their citizens of sterling integrity and ability are desired for Governors of States, members of Assembly, and of Congress, and Mayors of cities, and other posts of honor and profit. Now, though you may never have had the least inclination for politics, yet being well to do in the world by virtue of your success as a merchant, perhaps your wife, or your daughter, or sons may have more desire for your public and popular

advancement, and one or all of these endearing forces are brought to play upon your indisposition to hold office, and you consent to run. You are pretty sure to be elected because of your well-known ability as a business man—your learning, your probity and high sense of honor. You have written your acceptance of the nomination in a modest, dignified, and even we may say a cultured note. That is very well for the Convention that nominated you; but you have got to face the *people*, and tell *them* so; and now comes the time that you are glad enough that you included elocution among the rest of your studies while you were at Notre Dame. Now you have reached a point when all your learning, and all your probity and high sense of honor avails you but very little, unless you can, by graceful and convincing oratory, rouse your hearers to the importance of the issues of a political character which may then be uppermost in the minds of your fellow-citizens. I have had gentlemen similarly situated say to me: "Mr. King, I would give five thousand dollars if I only had the ability to face that audience and talk to them as you can; but I never studied elocution when I went to school, and I am not a natural orator. However, I have got to go before them and talk as best I can."

Suppose you become a literary man. If for no other purpose than for your own amusement, how indispensable it is that you can render any sort of literature in a proper manner, because you studied elocution and learned to do so while you were at the University! and being in company you are called upon to read or declaim some particular passages from Shakespere or some other poet,—how thankful will you be to feel you know just *how* to do it, because you learned elocution!

And now, a word as to the healthfulness of elocution. Reading aloud and recitation are more useful and invigorating muscular developments or exercises than is generally imagined—at least when managed with due regard to the natural powers of the individual, so as to avoid effort and fatigue. Both require the varied activity of most of the muscles of the trunk to a degree of which but few are conscious till their attention is turned to it. In forming and modulating the voice, not only the chest but also the diaphragm and abdominal muscles are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach and bowels a healthy and agreeable stimulus.

Be not discouraged at the time and study required in acquiring proficiency in elocution. Do not fail in repeatedly practicing your lessons. Do not tire of the subject you have in hand because your teacher confines you to it for a considerable time. Try when you first get a piece to divine the spirit and intent of the author, and your labor to master its delineation is half over when you have reached this point. Remember that no one becomes proficient in anything without labor—be it music, foreign languages, algebra, mathematics, etc.

We may say of those who try to belittle the study of elocution that they are generally men whose education and love of the beautiful has been sadly neglected.

Remember in whatever you undertake to acquire, that practice makes perfect.

In conclusion, permit me to beseech you to make the most of the golden opportunities you now possess to acquire a thorough education. Let it be as complete as your mentalities give you warrant to possess, and add to your accomplishments an intimacy with the art of elocution. Its acquisition will permit you to enliven the home circle, and

to shine among men when you come to man's physical and mental estate, and you have the welfare of your fellow-men in your keeping, it may be; when the representative men of America of to-day shall have passed away, and to your hands, and those of your then co-operating Americans, shall devolve the responsibilities of the perpetuity of the most benign Government ever vouchsafed to man.

### Art, Music and Literature.

—Wagner suffers from erysipelas.

—Mr. Gladstone is writing a history of Tudor statesmen.

—The notes of the gamut were invented by Guido d'Arezzo, a monk.

—The American Book Exchange is about to publish a weekly newspaper which will be called *Good Literature*.

—Fanny Davenport's new play in four acts and forty costumes is to be rechristened "The Dressmaker's Dream."

—The *Score* says: "Wilhelmj has sold a large number of violins during his sojourn in America. It will be news to many that he is a violinist."

—The Royal Library of Berlin has just celebrated its 100th year of its existence in its present quarters. It contains 800,000 bound volumes, and about 20,000 rare manuscripts.

—A minstrel performer proudly advertises himself in the amusement papers as "the largest-mouthed comedian in the world," and adds: "Many envy and imitate me, but there is none that can compete with me."

—Here is a recent musical criticism from a Maryland paper: "The professor closed the music rack, and without notes made the handsome grand piano-forte fairly roar with music. The 'pp's' and 'ff's' were beautiful, and the crescendo was very noticeable. He gave a pleasing little encore."

—Mlle. Isadora Martinez is under a three years' engagement with Colonel Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera Company. She proposes to fill in her time during the autumn evenings with concert engagements. Her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre was a gratifying success, the London journals praising her gifts of voice and her dramatic action.

—The little church in the village of Mont Dore in Auvergne has been provided with an organ, mainly by the efforts of Mdme. Marie Roze, who yearly resorts there for a rest after the operatic season. Her attendance at the church at these times has attracted attention to it, and her own contributions have been largely added to by travellers, so that her name is a household word among the villagers.

—Hamlet's advice to the players is cordially commended to some of the operatic performers. For their benefit we quote it: "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh, too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous; and shows a pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

—Tell's chapel by the Lake of the four Cantons, in Switzerland, has been rebuilt, and the restoration of the mural paintings is now in progress by Ernst Stuckelberg. On the wall looking toward Brunnen will be depicted the 'Apfelschuss'—Tell shooting the apple on his son's head; on that looking toward Fluelen, the 'Rutli schwur'—the oath of the three Switzers in the Rutli meadow. The middle wall will contain two scenes: the 'Tellene Sprung,' Tell leaping from Gesler's boat on to the Platte, and the 'Meisterchuss,' the shooting of the Austrian voge in the hollow lane.

—The crowning of the Canadian poet, Louis Frechette, by the French Academy is an honor which reflects credit

both on the giver and receiver. Louis Frechette is only one of the many French Canadians who have enriched literature. Of these, people in the United States are amazingly ignorant; while every American who has a smattering of French, nods, or pretends to nod, over the minor French authors, our Canadian brethren are strangely neglected. Frechette has earned his honors; and his poems deserve to be known, and should be known, at least by the critics who write on American literature. It is somewhat of an assumption for citizens of the United States to monopolize the name "American."—*Catholic Review*.

—The following story is related of the old Spanish artist, A'onso Cano. He had lived many years, which he had devoted to his art, and was passionate as well as old. A judge one day gave him an order for a figure of his patron saint. Cano made a beautiful statuette, and charged the judge a hundred doubloons. "A hundred doubloons," said the judge, "for work that has occupied less than twenty days, and I, chancery judge as I am, only receive one poor doubloon a day for my services." "Twenty days!" said Cano, dashing the statue to pieces at the judge's feet; "it has taken me fifty years of uninterrupted study to learn to make that figure." The frightened judge left the artist's workshop as quickly as he could.

—Patti's castle in South Wales is thus described: The drawing-room is furnished throughout in white maple. The walls are hung with silk tapestry, the chairs and fauteuils covered with embroidered silks of Oriental workmanship, and the book-cases overflow with richly-bound volumes. The ceiling is divided into twelve panels, each of which is to contain a picture of *La Diva* in one of her favorite rôles. A large bay-window looks out over the valley, and on every side there is a magnificent view of rugged mountain scenery, contrasting finely with the elegance of the apartment. The room is full of *objets de virtu*, with which Patti has been presented by her enchanted audiences. Of these presents, Russia has supplied the greatest number, while Austria comes next. Indeed, the whole castle seems full of these gifts of her enthusiastic worshippers. In the dining-room hangs a splendid portrait of Patti, painted by Winterhalter. The sideboards are covered with plate, each piece a work of art by some famous goldsmith, and all are presents. The plates and dishes, also gifts, are of the rarest china, and at the bottom of the cup out of which M. Marx drank his tea, he found the signature of a monarch. Opening out of the dining-room is a conservatory, where the rarest exotics of the South flourish, among which flash numbers of singing birds, who vainly emulate the trills and runs of their mistress, for Patti sings everywhere and at all times. Adjoining this is a spacious *salle des jeux*, hung with valuable paintings. A blue boudoir, and another with oak panelling, complete the ground floor. Mounting the stairs, M. Marx found himself face to face with a "trophy" of armor, in the midst of which hung the coat of mail which Patti wore as *Jeanne d'Arc* in Verdi's opera of that name.

### Exchanges.

—*The Penman's Art Journal* is full of excellent matter on, and relating to, penmanship. "Killing Two Birds with One Stone" is an interesting incident. The illustrations of penwork in this number are very fine.

—*The Paper World*, published by Clark W. Bryan, at Holyoke, Mass., is an interesting trade magazine, and one of the handsomest publications of its kind that we have seen. It is issued monthly, and contains twenty-two double column pages of reading matter. The number before us gives a sketch of the methods of Art printing as developed in America by L. Prang, of Boston, one of Robert J. Burdett of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and a large number of carefully compiled literary, scientific and trade notes.

—In our general acknowledgment of exchanges last week we overlooked *The College Rambler*, the able representative of Illinois College, and a welcome exchange. Since then *The Archangel*, from St. Michael's College, Oregon, has been received. Other of our exchanges we

have not noticed by name, as we have had occasion to cull college news from their columns, or otherwise mention them. Among these are *The Niagara Index*, *The Brunonian*, the *Williams Athenaeum*, etc. Several of our old exchanges, to whom we continued to send our paper, have not come to hand this year. Among these are *Brainard's Musical World* and several college papers. If they do not receive the SCHOLASTIC in a week or two they will, from this, know the reason. If they wish to exchange with us, we will gladly comply.

—The Baltimore *Catholic Mirror*, which is one of our esteemed exchanges, publishes in the number for October the 16th a very full account of the splendid celebration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Baltimore, and accompanies it with a brief account of the prominent men identified with the city in its early days. The various accounts and memoirs are illustrated with creditable engravings. The sketch of Baltimore in 1752, copied from Mr. John Moale's picture in the Maryland Historical Society's rooms, forms a striking contrast with that of Baltimore in 1880. Both are excellent engravings, and the various objects of interest in the older one are numbered for reference. There is also a diagram of Baltimore as laid out in 1730, a picture of Baltimore in 1800, and one of the Washington Monument, in Mt. Vernon Place. The celebration of the anniversary was a very grand one, and continued for four days. We regret that no mention is made of the relic of the war of 1812 at what is now Patterson Park, in the eastern suburbs of Baltimore—a portion of the earthworks thrown up for the defence of the city on the approach of General Ross by way of North Point, where he was killed by one of the two riflemen, Wells and McComas. The embankment is still quite prominent, and from it Fort McHenry may be seen, at the bombardment of which Mr. Key composed the song "The Star-Spangled Banner." No mention is made of the North Point incident or monument, but we hope our contemporary will not fail to give a full account of both it and the Patterson Park relic, as they cannot fail to prove objects of interest to its readers and to visitors to the city. The *Mirror* has shown creditable energy in what it has done in regard to the celebration of its city's anniversary, and this number of the paper is a very interesting one.

—The second number of *The Varsity*, from the University of Toronto, shows marked improvement upon the preceding one, and the paper will, no doubt, continue to improve as it advances in age and its editors in experience. By the way, it is rather amusing to see how the *'Varsity's* editor looks down upon some of our American college papers—*The Chronicle* and *The University*, for instance. He says there is an "uncompromising spirit of fearlessness in the Michigan University press, that goes far to atone for literary immaturity." Well, that is pretty good. Creditable as *The Varsity* is, it has to make a long stride to reach the advanced position gained by *The Chronicle* and *The University* as college papers. *The Varsity's* articles evince thought and care in the writing, and contain many points of interest to the collegian. The cut at the undergraduates in some of our American colleges is well-merited. We are glad none of the spirit of caste referred to exists at Notre Dame, where, while each class and department knows its place, and keeps it, a social, gentlemanly feeling seems to govern the members of the various classes when these occasionally come together. The item in *The Varsity* is as follows: "The accusation of childishness levelled at American Undergraduates by the *Saturday Review* is admirably lodged in the case of Yale. Men of the Fourth Year at that University deem it beneath their dignity to associate with members of the Third; and similar relations of harmony exist between the Third and Second, and between the Second and the Freshman Year. A tone of exclusiveness is a commendable preservative against vulgarity, but, when carried beyond ordinary limits, simply serves to remind people of men whose chill icing is only to conceal dirty water, and they freeze to hide what lies below." Yale is not alone in the above matter, we regret to say; a like snobbish and intolerant spirit animates the upper classes in many American colleges, and the sooner it is done away with the better it will be for all concerned. Then the cane-rushes, and like disgraceful affairs, will

become things of the barbarous past—of the Dark Age of college life.

—The *Heidelberg Monthly Journal* is the title of an eight-page paper just started at Heidelberg College, Ohio—or we might with stricter propriety say published outside but in the interests of the college, E. R. Good & Bro., of Tiffin, being the editors and publishers. Notwithstanding the latter fact, the paper is evidently a college affair, and largely, if not exclusively, written by persons connected with the college. The new *Journal* will in all likelihood receive some unfavorable comments upon its appearance from some of the more fastidious of our exchanges, but as we look more to the merit of the matter than to the appearance of the medium conveying it, we welcome the new exchange and augur well for its success if the succeeding numbers are as judiciously filled as the present one. The article on "College Education" is *à propos* to the want of the times; that on "The Empirical and Scientific in the Study of Modern Languages," by Prof. Zerbe, contains many excellent points, but why he attempts to detract from the dignity of what might with some propriety be called the natural method, by calling it "empirical," is not very clear. Of what possible use is the knowledge of the grammar of a language without the language upon which to exercise it? And yet the study of the grammar first, and the acquiring the language afterward, seems to be what he calls the "scientific" method. The latter, or "scientific" method, has been, and is, in almost general use, and we have seen, and do every day see, some of the many ill effects resulting from it—even in English, and in people to the manor born—men, with all the rules of grammar at their finger-ends, if the expression be allowed, but who attempt to handle the language—their mother tongue—with not much greater facility than a cow is said to handle a musket. From this it is evident that much drill in the language itself, with the grammar as simply an aid, would be a much simpler and more practical manner of acquiring a language, the Greek and Latin excepted, than that which is dignified by the title of scientific—unless a person wish to spend the greater part of his lifetime in making a thorough acquisition of the language. In making this assertion we know we are in opposition to the generality of teachers, and if we had even a little practice in the class-room as a teacher of language our opinions might undergo a radical change. As it is, we give our opinion simply as the result of personal observation, and in so far as the study of the English language is concerned we find that it is endorsed by so thorough a master of the language as Mr. Richard Grant White. At the beginning of his chapter on "Grammar, English and Latin," we find the following personal reminiscence:

"The first punishment I remember having received was for a failure to get a lesson in English grammar. I recollect, with a half painful, half amusing distinctness, all the little incidents of the dreadful scene; how I found myself standing in an upper chamber of a gloomy brick house, book in hand,—it was a thin volume, with a tea-green paper cover, and a red roan back—before an awful being, who put questions to me, which, for all that I could understand of them, might as well have been couched in Coptic or in Sanskrit; how, when asked about governing, I answered 'I don't know,' and when about agreeing, 'I can't tell,' until at last, in despair, I said nothing, and choked down my tears, wondering in a dazed, dumb fashion, whether all this was part and parcel of that total depravity of the human heart of which I heard so much; how then the being—to whom I apply no epithet, for, poor creature, he thought he was doing God service—said to me, in a terrible voice: 'You are a stupid, idle boy, sir, and have neglected your task. I shall punish you. Hold out your hand.' I put it out half way, like a machine with a hitch in its gearing. 'Farther, sir.' I advanced it an inch or two, when he seized the tips of my fingers, bent them back so as to throw the palm well up, and then, with a mahogany rule, much bevelled on one side, and having a large, malignant ink-spot near the end,—an instrument which seemed to me to weigh about forty pounds, and to be a fit implement for a part of that eternal torture to which I had been led to believe that I, for my inborn depravity, was doomed,—he proceeded to reduce my little hand, only just well in gristle, as nearly to a jelly as was thought, on the whole, to be beneficial to a small boy at that stage of the world's progress.

"The carefully-filled and still preserved receipts of a methodically managed household enable me tell the age at which I was thus awakened to the sweet and alluring beauties of English grammar. I was just five and a half years old when one Alfred Ely—may his soul rest in peace!—thus gently guided

my tottering and reluctant steps into the paths of humane learning. Fortunately, my father, when outside the pale of religious dogma, was a man of sound sense and a tender heart; and as there was nothing about English accidence either in the Decalogue or the Common Prayer-Book, he sent a message to the schoolmaster which caused that to be my last lesson in what is called the grammar of my mother tongue. I was soon after removed to a school the excellence of which I have only within a few years fully appreciated, although, as a boy, I knew that there I was happy, and felt as if I were not quite stupid, idle, and depraved. Thereafter I studied English, indeed, but only in the works of its great masters, and unconsciously in the speech of daily companions, who spoke it with remarkable but spontaneous excellence."

### College Gossip.

—Benjamim P. Cheney, of Boston, made a gift to Dartmouth of \$50,000 last year.

—The Sophomores of Bates College have elected a colored student, son of a former slave, for orator.—*Ex.*

—Scene in Kansas—Prof.: "James, where does our grain go?" "Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grass-hopper."—*Ex.*

—The new St. Boniface College, Manitoba, which was designed and built at the expense of Archbishop Tache, is now nearly completed.

—A factory has been connected with Eton college, England, so that the students may get a practical knowledge of tools.—*College Courier.*

—The Concord School of Philosophy has so far advanced as to inform the world that chilblains would not be noticed by the human family if they would not itch.—*Ex.*

—The Directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution have recently given orders for "Ouida's" novels to be withdrawn from circulation. A large number of her novels lie on the shelves.—*Ex.*

—It is said that Oberlin College, Ohio, following the example of Harvard, is to have a chair of Music. We are surprised to learn that this important branch did not receive attention at Oberlin College before this.

—The foundation-stone of the new Redpath Museum, McGill College, Montreal, was laid recently by the Governor-General. His Excellency spoke very highly of Mr. Redpath, the founder. The museum is to cost \$40,000.

—The Senior Greek professor, in his lecture to the Juniors the other day, speaking of the marriage of Venus and Vulcan, remarked that "the handsomest women generally marry the homeliest men," adding grimly: "There's encouragement for a great many of you."

—The candidates for the Chair of Commercial and Political Economy in the University of Edinburg, vacant by the death of Prof. Hodgson, include Prof. Leone Levi, Mr. A. J. Wilson (one of the city editors of the *Times*), Mr. H. Dunning Macleod, and Mr. John Macdonnell, author of "A Survey of Political Economy."

—Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of New York city, hitherto a large giver to Princeton College, has just added the princely benefaction of \$200,000. One-half of this sum is given in trust for the support of such professorships as are not now endowed or only partially so, and \$100,000 for the endowment of a new professorship, to which Rev. Francis L. Patton of Chicago has been appointed. The donations to Princeton College since Rev. Dr. McCosh succeeded to the presidency have amounted to nearly one million and a half of dollars.—*Harvard Daily Echo.*

—The pupils had got as far as the word "hypocrite." None of the children could explain what it meant. One guessed that it meant "big feeling," and another thought a "hypocrite" was a "big animal that wallers in the mud." So the teacher explained: "A hypocrite, children, is a person who pretends to be what he is not; such a one may be pleasant to your face, but speaks ill behind your back." "Please, ma'm," cried a little boy, eagerly, raising his hand, "then my pa aint a hypocrite, 'cause he said you was a confounded old maid, and he'd just 's live tell ye so to yer face!"—*Boston Transcript.*

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, October 23, 1880.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a be ping hand.

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—Horace in his *Ars Poetica* says: "It has been made a question whether good poetry be derived from nature or from art. For my part, I cannot conceive what study can avail of itself, so much does the one require the assistance of the other, and so amicably do they conspire to produce the same effect. He who is desirous of reaching the wished-for goal will make the greatest and most careful preparations." By this Horace seems to be desirous of inculcating the absolute necessity of the combination of talent and diligence for becoming a successful poet. What Horace here says of the art of poetry may be well applied to any other science or art. Poets, they say, are born, not made; which means that unless nature has endowed you with that talent which is particularly peculiar to a poet, study will do but little—almost nothing for you in this respect. This is indeed very true; but we must also bear in mind that unless one possessing that requisite shapes and improves it by constant and diligent study; if it be allowed to remain in a rough and uncultivated state, it will be worse than useless.

This is true of any branch of study. A student may possess the necessary amount of talent for becoming a skilful musician, a thorough mathematician, or a fine artist; but unless he exercises and cultivates this genius, will he ever become a musician, mathematician, or artist? Assuredly not. Diligent study, then, is what is required for the successful mastery of every or any branch of an education. Some imagine that, because they are endowed with rare natural talents, diligent study is for them unnecessary. You're mistaken; study for you is even far more necessary than for those of inferior natural gifts; for 'To whom much is given, of him will much be required.' In endowing you with these extraordinary gifts God, no doubt, has destined you for something great; you, there-

fore, in not making the proper use of them will never have accomplished that which God has a right to expect of you. Unless you sow, you cannot expect to reap: and the harvest, no matter how good and abundant, spoils if not properly secured. The soil may be rich; but if uncultivated, nothing good can be expected from it. You who may not be as richly endowed as your fellow-student, be not discouraged. God has given you sufficient for that state of life which He wishes you to occupy. Do but make the best use of your mental faculties, and leave the rest to God.

—Editors, like other mortals are occasionally liable to be mistaken in their opinions of affairs and individuals. 'Tis but right on their part that they, when conscious of making a wrong assertion, should be ready to make a clear and unequivocal retraction. This we are ever ready and willing to do. Our great and chief desire is to please as many as possible and offend none. If, therefore, anyone feels offended at anything appearing in these columns, let him rest assured that such offence was unintentional on our part. That many persons do imagine themselves as objects of personal attack when no such thing has been intended is a fact to which the many libel suits brought against editors, and their generally complete vindication from these charges, bear ample testimony. They are often required to stand many a good tongue-lashing—if indeed they always get off thus easy—from persons who too readily take everything to themselves. Then it is that Horace Greely's plan would be the most prudent to follow. One day a stranger came to Greely's office, looking very angry, and inquired for the editor. He was shown Greely, who was scratching away at an article for dear life, and he made for him. His first salutation to Greely was: "You old hypocrite!" Greely did not look up, or even pause, but kept driving his pen madly on, his nose within a couple of inches of the paper, and his lips whispering the words after the pen, as was his wont. The fellow continued calling Greely's attention to an article that had offended him, and denouncing him as a coward, a villain and a liar, with an oath about every other word, meantime threatening to "knock his head off." Greely didn't stop for a moment, but dabbed his pen into the ink, and wrote on, unruffled by the blasphemy. At last the intruder exhausted his vocabulary, and turned to leave the room, when Greely jumped up and squeaked out to him: "Say, neighbor, don't go; stay here and free your mind."

—Sometimes students are apt to grow neglectful in the observance of the laws of politeness and etiquette. The social life which a student leads, and his constant association with the same companions, sometimes induce him to believe that he need not be so careful in the observance of the rules of politeness with his companions as he would be in the company of strangers. This, however, is a grand mistake; for no matter where we are, or with whom we may associate, politeness is a quality of which we should never lose sight. With it, you will always be regarded as a gentleman, and treated as such; without it, you need not be surprised if society gives you the cold shoulder.

If students are required to observe the rules of politeness in their intercourse with one another, they are also bound, and with much more reason, to show the most profound

respect to those placed over them. Show us a student who is disrespectful or impolite to his professor or prefect, and we'll immediately point you out a little rowdy; we'll show you a student, or rather a common school-boy,—for the word student means one who is devoted to learning—who is constantly annoying his fellow-students in the study-hall and class-room by his boisterous behavior during the hours devoted to study and recitation. If you but watch this youth, you'll find that his whole deportment is haughty and overbearing; you'll find him constantly occupied in talking satirically and unkindly of and to his companions; in a word, you'll find him destitute of everything which characterizes the true gentleman. These are the young men whom we'll constantly find growling and grumbling about their lessons, professors and prefects. They often feel chagrined when they see a fellow-student, who is always polite, not only to his professors and prefects, but also to his companions, esteemed and loved by them all. They then begin to accuse their teachers of partiality, and gibe at their companions, accusing them of trying to ingratiate themselves into the favor of their professors, etc. Were these young gentlemen to pause for a moment and reflect, they would see that their companions are esteemed because they are polite young gentlemen. It is but natural that those who are polite and modest in their deportment, should be more esteemed than those who, on the contrary, are both impudent and impolite.

Boys who attend college are always supposed to have better and more abundant opportunities for cultivating this quality than those who cannot enjoy a college education. Much, therefore, is expected in this respect by the social world from a young man who has completed his college course. Society has a right to expect this from you, and if you disappoint her, it will be because you have not practiced the rules of politeness while at college. If you do not begin to do so at college, you will never do it. You may be successful in accumulating wealth, regardless of politeness, but you'll never secure firm and true friends without it; your presence in the social circle will not be wanting; you'll not be able to move in society's first ranks—you will be obliged to walk in the rear.

—Though the use of tobacco by the students under any shape or form is strictly prohibited by the regulations of the University, except to those of the Senior Department who obtain a written request from their parents, to the effect that they be allowed to smoke—chewing being prohibited to all—yet we are under the impression that some of the other boys manage to get a smoke “on the sly,” as they term it. In so doing they are well aware of the great risk they are running; for if detected in the act, they may bid an affectionate farewell to honors of every description during and at the end of the scholastic year. Such boys believe that a smoke taken “on the sly” is like stolen fruit—tasting better because stolen. Perhaps it does, we don't know; but we *do* know that any boy of principle will not be guilty of such an act as smoking “on the sly.” Sometimes, of course, it's easy enough to hide in some corner or room for the purpose of having a smoke; but you'll find it a very hard matter to smoke more than once in the same place without being discovered.

You may say: “Well, I don't see any great harm in smoking. I don't believe it injures me in the least.” But

you are mistaken; for aside from hygienic consideration, there is a very great harm in doing that which you are forbidden to do. Remember the sound advice given you on Sunday last by Rev. Father Walsh, and you'll blush to even think of doing what is prohibited by the disciplinary regulations of the University. You would, perhaps, become indignant, if some one told you that the use of tobacco would excite within you a thirst for alcoholic drinks, or that the dwarfish dimensions of some boys are directly attributed to this cause. Nevertheless, 'tis but too true; and the experiments made by reputable physicians in this matter will bear us out in our assertions. One of our exchanges furnishes us with the following result of one of these experiments: “The physician took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, from 9 to 15, who had been in the habit of smoking, and examined them closely. In twenty-seven he found obvious, hurtful effects; twenty-two having various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less craving for strong drink; twelve of the boys were troubled very frequently with bleeding at the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; twelve had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared after the discontinuation of the use of tobacco for ten or twelve days. The physician treated them all for weakness and nervousness, though with little avail, until they had relinquished the habit of smoking, when health and strength were speedily restored.” This is the result obtained by many of our leading physicians from a careful examination of those addicted to the use of tobacco. These same doctors are unanimous in affirming that nine-tenths of those young men who are now hopeless inebriates received their first appetite for strong drink from the use of tobacco. This then should form a subject worthy of the most serious attention of tobacco consumers.

—The following was enclosed in a letter to us by a “Constant Reader,” and a refutation of the same asked:

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe vehemently denounces the “Passion Play” at Ober-Ammergau. “At best,” he says in the *Independent*, “what is it but a fearful materializing of what we are to behold by faith? Is it conceivable that St. Paul would have acted in such a scene as that of Ober-Ammergau? Over the awful scene itself the Almighty drew down a veil. Three hours did Mercy hide the suffering Redeemer from those who crucified Him. For those who rend that veil, and gaze upon the mimic spectacle, let me say, heartily: ‘They know not what they do.’”

We were not a little surprised at reading this, for we had always believed Cleveland Coxe to be a man of sound judgement. Perhaps, however, Mr. Coxe never made use of the expressions herein attributed to him; it may be a black-mailing scheme of the editor of the *Independent*. But if this be the language of Mr. Coxe, we think that he will have lost the good opinion of many who have hitherto looked upon him as an erudite and fair-minded man. But when he puts such silly questions as “what is it but a fearful materializing of what we are to behold by faith?” and “would St. Paul have acted in such a scene as that of Ober-Ammergau?” we are disposed to think that he is either not very well posted on the facts connected with the “Passion Play,” or else he is entering upon his second childhood. We cannot see anything “fearful” in “materializing what we behold by faith”; for we well know that there is nothing calculated to arouse one's faith more effi-

ciously than some sensible or *material* representation of those things connected with it. As to whether "St. Paul would have acted in such a scene as that of Ober-Ammergau," we could answer more positively had St. Paul lived at the time of the "scene's" origin. However, we believe he would have acted in "such a scene," or in any other scene, which, like the "Passion Play," had for its primary object the spread of the most profound veneration and contemplation of his Divine Master's Passion and Death. Yes, Mr. Coxe: St. Paul would have acted in "such a scene"; for it would again bring before his mind, yea, before his very eyes, Calvary's sad tragedy, and cause copious and penitential tears to again flow fountain-like from his eyes, and trace in furrows their course down his cheeks. But Mr. Coxe continues: "Over the awful scene itself the Almighty drew down a veil. Three hours did Mercy hide the suffering Redeemer from those who crucified him." We are well aware of this fact, and always use it as an argument to prove Christ's Divinity; for it was a supernatural manifestation made to show that Nature was shocked and convulsed at the Crucifixion of her God. But continues Mr. Coxe: "For those who rend that veil, and gaze upon the *mimic* spectacle, let me say, heartily: 'They know not what they do,'" Well now, Mr. Coxe, you're as acute as a fox! You would wish to pull the wool over the eyes of intelligent people, and try to convince them that the "Passion Play," as given at Ober-Ammergau, is nothing more nor less than something gotten up in mimicry of Calvary's tragic scene. This you *cannot* do; you only succeed in making people acquainted with your utter ignorance of the facts connected with this subject. It is for the sake of enlightening you a little on this subject that we gave any attention to your silly assertions, and it is for the same reason that we shall now proceed to relate to you the origin of the "Passion Play," hoping that it will radically change your views on this subject.

It happened, in the year 1633, that a fearful pestilence swept over the districts of Southern Bavaria. For some weeks the secluded valley of the Ammer was free from its deadly breath. All ingress and egress were rigorously forbidden by the local authorities, and every pass was carefully guarded to shut out the dreaded contagion. At length, however, a native of the place, who had been working in a neighboring district, wishing to return to his family, eluded the vigilance of the sentries, entered the valley by a secret path, and unconsciously carried the infection with him. In two days he was a corpse. The contagion spread, and before the end of three weeks eighty-four of the villagers—about one fourth of the whole community—had been laid in their graves. The terrified survivors, having lost all hope in human aid, met together, and bound themselves by a solemn promise to God, if He would stay the plague, to give a representation every ten years of the Passion and Death of Christ. From that moment the plague ceased, and they who had been infected with it speedily recovered. Here, then, is the origin of that play which Mr. Coxe would ask us to look upon as a mimicry of that dreadful tragedy once enacted on Calvary's heights. He would make us believe that God abhors that in favor of which He worked a miracle. Is this consistent with reason? Assuredly not. Were the "Passion Play" gone through for the same object that Shakespeare's productions are given—for money and amusement—then, indeed, would we feel as indignant over

the matter as Bishop Coxe. But when this play occurs but once in ten years, always in the same place, and with the same religious object in view,—the fulfilment of vows—then we say that not only do the people know what they do, but that they are also bound to do it. Again, the effects produced by the "Passion Play" upon the audience are of a most religious nature, and make them feel a deep sense of the enormity of sin, which was potent to cause a God to subject Himself to such cruel treatment. Even non Catholics who have assisted thereto vie with each other in their praise of the good done by the "Passion Play." Here is the testimony of a divine, occupying a high position in the Church of England: "German peasants carry away, graven on their memories, the chief facts and doctrines of both the Old and the New Testament with an exactness such as would be vainly sought in the masses of our poorer population, or even, it may be said, with some of our clergy." Another says: "The simple grandeur of the 'Christ' was almost awful. I forgot all but the wonderful story of our redemption, and cried all day." Others who have assisted thereto say that the effect produced is a hundred-fold greater than that produced by the most powerful and most eloquent sermons.

To these might be added the testimony of hundreds and thousands of Catholics who have never witnessed this play without experiencing feelings of sorrow and compunction. We, therefore, in view of these facts, cannot see how Bishop Coxe would have made such assertions as would leave him liable to the imputation of *ignorantia elenchi*. The origin of the "Passion Play" being good, the effects produced by it being the same, the whole must be good, and not as Bishop Coxe would have us believe, a mimicry of Calvary's scene. Were this play to be introduced on the American stage, as some have recently talked of doing, we would object to it as vociferously as Mr. Coxe. But as now played at Ober-Ammergau, no fair-minded person can reasonably object to it.

#### Personal.

—L. Huges, '74, is farming near Chicago, Ill.

—Lee Frazee, '75, is residing at Portsmouth, Ohio.

—J. Del Vecchio, '76, is doing well in Louisville, Ky.

—M. A. J. Baasen, '64, is a banker, at Milwaukee, Wis.

—A. Gerlach, '78, is in the jewelry business at Marietta, Ohio.

—Rev. Father Mariné, C. S. C., of New Orleans, is in Paris.

—Rev. F. C. Bigelow, '62, is the worthy pastor of Silver Cliff, Colorado.

—A. Keenan (Commercial), '78, is in the lumbering business at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

—Prof. Luigi Gregori, the famous Italian artist, was at the University at the beginning of the week.

—Mr. Walsh, of New York city, brother of Vice-President Walsh, spent a couple of days at the University last week.

—Rev. Father Fourmond, C. S. C., of New Orleans, La., is here on business connected with St. Isidore's Manual Institute.

—Mr. Smith, of Circleville, Ohio, was with us during the week, accompanied by his two sons, both of whom he placed in the Junior Department.

—T. A. Dailey, '74, is residing at Goliad, Texas. He is a regular contributor to the columns of the Chicago *Trib-*

une. He was at one time on the editorial corps of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., editor of the *Ave Maria*, has been obliged from continued ill health to take a few weeks' vacation for the purpose of recuperation. He is at present in Washington, D. C.

### Local Items.

—Cold.

—Skat!

—Snow.

—Overcoats.

—Frosty mornings.

—Winter near at hand.

—“Shoot that straw-hat.”

—“Say, did you see that cane?”

—Some improvement in the choir.

—Steam is mighty good these days.

—How about those handball teams?

—“Say, give us some of that lunch.”

—“He says that it was no joke after all.”

—Who will have the best bulletin for this month?

—Trigonometry before breakfast! Oh! Ah!

—“We know where the apples are; don't we, Sam?”

—“Yes; and we would like to have a few pa-paws, too.”

—Rev. Father Hagerty sang High Mass on Sunday last.

—The first snow of the season fell on Sunday morning.

—All were well pleased with Prof. King's entertainment.

—The death of Nature, or rather its time of sleep, is at hand.

—The Minims' parlor is one of the neatest at Notre Dame.

—Several of the Preps. are cultivating a taste for numismatics.

—Competitions next week in the classes of Modern Languages.

—Rev. Father Condon was at the St. Joe Farm last Tuesday.

—The cold weather has driven the hedge-hogs to winter quarters.

—A certain pious Junior serves three Masses every morning.

—President Corby was in Chicago on business last Wednesday.

—“Freeze your tongue, and give your teeth a skate,” is one of the latest.

—Thanks, John, for those apples, and for that large and luscious pa-paw.

✓ —Bro. Simon is busily engaged in planting trees in the Presbyterian Park.

—There was no meeting of the Senior Arche onfraternity last Sunday evening.

—The College Chapel will soon be ready for the students' morning service.

—The Seniors' recreation hours are passed in kicking their well-worn football.

—We do not recollect having ever before seen so many wild ducks on our lakes.

—We have had spring, summer, autumn, and winter weather in just one week!

—Already winter sports form the chief topic of conversation with some of the boys.

—The Military Company has been reorganized, under the leadership of Capt. Cocke.

—Bro. Emmanuel took a large party of Seniors on a rural excursion last Wednesday.

—We are happy to state that our young friend Master J. Fendrick is now convalescent.

—We know where there are two hundred and thirty bushels of large red apples in one heap.

—Bro. Leopold informs us that the Junior Orchestra is in full blast and having its regular weekly rehearsals.

—The Rev. Prefect of Discipline may be seen every morning with his gun on his shoulder in quest of game.

—Father L'Etourneau showed us specimens of the large mellow apples which grew in the orchard at the Novitiate.

—“Corporal” J.— says that there was a mistake made in the report of the “Fat Men's Race” in our last issue.

—The Actives and Young America Baseball Clubs played a spirited game on last Wednesday. Score, 10 to 16.

—To-morrow, the Feast of St. Raphael, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung, p. 42 of the Kyriale. Vespers, p. 210 of the Vesperal.

—The Nimrods are having great sport these days. Every day several of the feathery tribe fall victims to their unerring aim.

—John Bender, of the Minim department, says that he can write a hundred per cent. better since he received that fine gold pen.

—Monday was the Festival of St. Luke. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the evening, Father Stoffel officiating.

—The Minims still play baseball, thereby maintaining their well-earned reputation of being the first and last *base-baulers* of the season.

—A gold ring was found in this office a short time ago. The owner can have the same by calling at Bro. Edward's office and proving property.

—Friday, the 29th inst., is the sixth anniversary of the death of Father Lemonnier, fourth President of the University. Of your charity pray for the repose of his soul.

—Scene, Juniors' dormitory. Sam: “I say, Will, do you know what time it is?” Will: “About two o'clock. I only wish it were—” Sam: “Shut up, and let me go to sleep.”

—A chevalier, mounted on a beautifully caparisoned charger, may be seen passing the Juniors' refectory every morning at a few minutes after seven o'clock. Watch for him, boys!

—All who have time should attend the lectures on English criticism which are delivered every evening by Prof. Unsworth. The Professor is a graduate of Oxford and London Universities.

—Representatives from the Classical, Scientific, Medical, and Law Courses have entered the list to compete for the medal, which will be awarded in June, for excellence in Ecclesiastical History.

—One of the best sermons of the season was preached by Father Walsh last Sunday. If the students will but follow the advice given them on that occasion, their stay at College will be a most pleasant one.

—A young hurricane visited Notre Dame last Saturday night and remained here over Sunday. Real estate transfers were the order of the day; the heaviest receivers were those who did not wear spectacles.

“Autumn sighing, moaning, dying:  
Clouds are flying on like steeds,  
While their shadows on the meadows  
Walk like widows decked in weeds”

—One hundred and twenty-two Juniors, accompanied by their prefects and several members of the Faculty, went on a nutting expedition last Wednesday. They returned in the evening with a good supply of nuts, pa-paws and wild grapes.

—The 3d regular meeting of the Philopatrians was held Oct. 13th. Masters Herrick, Rohrback, Mendel, Gibert, H. Dunn, G. Schaefer, A. Browne, and G. Woodson delivered declamations. G. Schaefer, after fulfilling the required conditions, was elected to membership.

—Master R. E. Fleming's article, “Every Man the Architect of His Own Fortune,” which appeared in our issue of the 9th inst., has been copied by several of our exchanges. This should certainly be an encouragement for that young gentleman to continue writing for the SCHOLASTIC.

—The following is a list of the members of the Junior Orchestra, and the instruments played by each: Bro. Leopold, C. S. C., Leader; 1st violin, Masters J. Maher and A. Dick; 2d Violin, F. Wheatley, C. Tinley and F. Johnson; Viola, F. Dorsel; 'Cello, N. Weny; Contra Bass, F. Martin; Flute, F. Grever; Cornets, J. Guthrie and W. Cannon; Tombone, F. Grever.

—There are some good handball players among the Juniors. We think that they should organize into teams. In former years, the various handball teams played for the championship; five games were played between the teams, that winning three of the five being declared champion. There is no better or more pleasant exercise during the winter months. Go to work, then, boys, and organize.

—Mr. J. Francis Smith, of Waukesha, Wis., has on exhibition in the College parlor a life-sized portrait of Prof. Luigi Gregori, under whom he has prosecuted his art studies for several years. The portrait, full of life and expression, is an excellent likeness of the distinguished master, and shows that Mr. Smith is a young artist of rare ability. He executed the picture to present to Prof. Edwards, who was the means of introducing him to Prof. Gregori.

—The Rev. Director of Studies made his monthly visit to the Minim Department last Thursday. He examined the Arithmetic Class in common and decimal fraction. He said he was very well pleased with the intelligence shown by the Minims in giving the reasons for the different operations. Masters. C. C. Echlin, Buena Vista, Colorado; D. G. Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.; J. S. Courtney, Washington, D. C.; H. C. Snee, Chicago, Ill.; C. E. Droste, Cincinnati, Ohio; W. F. Hanavin, Columbus, Ohio; and G. E. Tourillotte, Toledo, were among the best.

—The course around the Junior Campus has been graded and covered with clay. It is now in good condition for bycicle contests. A large number of the Juniors have bycicles, and can be seen at all hours during recreation days practising on the course. We understand that J. Kelly is the champion byciclist. If he can beat Masters Boone, Rohrback and Livingston, he must be good. We noticed these three young gents "doing" the Campus on last Wednesday, and right well did they ride.

—Our weather prophet assures us that we misunderstood him last week. He says that when he informed us that we would have rain every Sunday and Wednesday for a month, he meant of course that this would be the case if the weather were not fine. He also says that the result of the elections in Ohio and Indiana produced a sudden atmospheric change. He now assures us that we shall be visited by a severe snow storm some time during the next three months; and that unless Sancho and Nep "let up" on their howling o' nights, there'll be a terrible cantastrophe soon.

—The sixth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Saturday eve, Oct. 16. At this meeting Master E. Orrick read a well-written essay on "Friendship." Master N. Ewing gave the members his idea of the "Chinee." Master F. Quinn told us in a well-written composition how hard it is to reach Mt. Parnassus. Master J. O'Neill described how Bernardo died. Master Master J. Guthrie displayed his elocutionary powers in "The Brigade at Fontenoy." Public readers for this week are C. Tinley, F. Grever, J. H. Burns, C. Rietz, F. Quinn and C. McDermott. A debate and subjects for the next meeting were given out. Master F. Grever closed the exercises with a historical sketch on the "Emancipation of Ireland."

—The following are the "cheers" of the principal colleges in the United States: *Columbia*, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Co-l-u-m-b-i-a! *Cornell*, Cor-Cor-Cor-nell! Iyell Cornell! *Harvard*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (with a strong, full sound.) *Princeton*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! S-s-s-t! Boom! Ah-h-h! *Penn. Univ.*, Oo-rah! Oo-rah! Penn-syl-vani-a! *Yale*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (shaply.) *Wesleyan*, 'Rah! 'Rah! Wesley-an! *Amherst*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Am-her-es-ti-a! *Bowdoin*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! B-o-w-d-o-i-n! *Brown*, 'Rah rah! 'Rah-rah! 'Rah-rah! *Tiger*! *Dartmouth*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Wah-hoo-wah! *College of the City of New York*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! C! O! N! Y! *Hamilton*, Ham-il-ton! Z-z-zip-rah-boom! *Racine*, 'Rah-

'Ra-'Ra —'Ra-Cine! *Rutgers*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Bow-wow-wow! *Trinity*, Trin-i-ty! Trin-i-ty! *Union*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! U-n-i-o-n! N-o-i-n-u! *Williams*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Will-yums-yums yums! *Univ. of New York*, N! Y! U! S-s-s-t! Boom-m! Ah-h-h! *University of Notre Dame*, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Nostra Domina!

—This is the way a new-comer once overcame his tormenters. After making it all right with the gentlemanly President, he sauntered over the Campus, seating himself in a fairy bower, sheltered by the spreading branches of an ancient sycamore. Through its ample foliage crept aromatic odors, wafted by the soft morning zephyrs from the adjacent flower-gardens to fan his youthful brow. Here he was soon surrounded by an organized gang of punsters, who plied him with endless impertinent questions, and ventilated many a rude pun at his expense. Well aware that to get irritated on such occasions would only be adding new fuel to the flame, and fanning it into a general conflagration, he said not a word. At length, the leader of the gang, astonished at his invincible patience and imperturbable self-control, said: "Mr. Patience, have you nothing to say to this nest of hornets buzzing about your ears, this voracious flock of turkey-buzzards seeking whom they may devour?" "Yes, I have," said the stranger, "if you only give me a patient hearing. I once beheld, on the right bank of a meandering stream, a flowery vale richly carpeted with a heavy crop of clover; and on the opposite bank, which was a barren pasture, overgrown with briars and thistles, I beheld a drove of long-eared quadrupeds, anxiously desirous to get across without wetting their feet, that they might have a good square meal. Now, young men," said he, "to the lucky one amongst you who can tell me how these braying creatures crossed the aforesaid stream without wetting their feet, I will give ten dollars to treat all hands to cigars." After various wrong answers were given, the stranger said: "Does this crowd give it up?" "Yes, yes," shouted they, "this crowd gives it up." "Well," shouted the stranger, "so did that other crowd of *jacks* give it up too." This announcement was hailed with loud applause by a sympathizing throng of outside listeners, who, seating him in a chair, carried him in triumph around the Campus. The hazers, seeing they had the wrong man, and instead of a greeny had caught a Tartar, became his warmest friends ever after.

—The members of the Lemonnier Library Association gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations: From Jacob Wile, Esq., Laporte, Ind.—Vols. IX, X, XI and XII of the Library of Universal Knowledge. From W. J. Arnold, Washington, D. C.—Lord Bacon's Works; Ingersoll's *Mistakes and Answers*. From Mr. Manly Tello, of Cleveland, Ohio—*The Catholic Universe* for one year. From Mrs. Sadlier of New York—Subscription to the New York *Tablet*. From Rev. C. Kelly—Discipline of Drink, Bridgett; English Grammar as Bearing on Composition, Bain. D. Van Nostrand, Publisher of Scientific Books, New York, has the thanks of the College authorities for the following works: Graphical Statics, Eddy; Earth-work Mensuration, Howard; Use of Steel, Barba; Engineering Construction, Shields; Iron and Steel Construction, Weyranch; Chemistry, Prescott; Electro Metallurgy, Watt; Electric Telegraph, Sabine. Pocket Table Book, Scribner; Mechanics' Companion, Scribner; Government Surveying, Clevenger; Geographical Surveying, Carpenter; Metal Strains, Spaukenburg; Ice-Making Machine, Lidoux; Voussoir Arches, Cain; Continuous Bridges, Merriman; Skew Arches, Hyde; Fuel, Sumens; Ventilation, Rafter; High Masonry Dams, McMaster; Teeth of Wheels, Robinson; Pins Used in Bridges, Bender; Sanitary Condition of Houses, Waring; Transmission of Power, Zabner; Matter and Motion, Maxwell; Water Supply, Corfield; Maximum Stresses, Cain; Sewerage, Corfield; Boiler Incrustation, Rawan; Turbine Wheels, Trowbridge; Steam Injectors, Pocket; Magnetism of Iron Vessels, Rogers; Strength of Beams, Allan; Strength of Materials, Kent; Ventilation, Saeltzer; Steam Engine Indicator, Stillman; Construction Metals, Joynson; Steam Engine Indicator, Richards; Hydraulic Mining, Van Wagener; Skeleton Structures, S. Henrici; Blow Pipe, Plympton; Alcoholic Liquors, Prescott; Modern Meteorology; Bow on Bracing.

## Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. B. McGorrisk, Geo. Clarke, Jas. Noonan, Wm. Arnold, Wm. J. McCarthy, R. M. Anderson, T. Kavanaugh, J. Solon, R. C. Adams, L. Le Bourgeois, J. J. Malloy, Jas. C. Newman, L. E. Clements, Wm. E. Hoffman, E. Piper, D. Ryan, F. J. Rettig, E. Sugg, J. Ryan, E. Otis, C. Brehmer, F. Ward, A. F. Spangler, H. O'Donnell, J. N. Osher, L. M. Proctor, L. Mathers, H. A. Steirs, W. Kelly, E. Taggart, Geo. Tracy, J. P. Hagan, J. Malone, Wm. Johnson, Thos. Byrne, C. Thiele, A. Korty, F. J. Baker, A. Zahm, J. D. Delaney, Wm. Brown, F. Smith, F. Godfray, F. Kuhn, J. Casey, B. Casey, J. M. Falvey, J. Cannon, E. McGorrisk, J. J. McErlain, G. L. Hagan, W. R. Young.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, J. Booze, C. J. Brinkman, J. Butler, V. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, G. C. Castaneda, A. M. Coghlin, W. D. Cannon, F. H. Cullinane, E. Cullinane, E. H. Croarkin, W. J. Cavanagh, W. S. Cleary, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, G. W. De Haven, F. H. Dorsel, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, R. E. Fleming, Ed. Fishel, J. H. Fendrick, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gibert, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, W. W. Gray, P. G. Hoffman, H. P. Hake, T. J. Hurley, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, G. J. Haslam, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, E. S. Jacobs, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kolars, S. Livingston, A. M. Mendel, J. T. Maher, W. P. Mahan, Frank McPhilips, J. McElvogue, J. P. McClarnon, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, A. L. Manning, H. W. Morse, A. L. Miller, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, J. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, L. L. O'Donnell, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Rhodius, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, H. G. Sells, W. E. Smith, A. S. Painter, A. C. Schiml, Con. Schneider, G. Schäfer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, C. A. Tinley, G. A. Truschel, F. J. Woeter, F. W. Wheatley, Guy Woodson, W. T. Weney, T. Williams, J. B. Wilder, T. H. Grever.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. S. Courtney, C. C. Echlin, J. A. Kelly, L. J. Young, C. Young, J. W. Frain, J. R. Bender, H. L. Ackerman, A. A. Molander, C. E. Droste, D. J. O'Connor, M. E. Devitt, E. McGrath, E. W. Hanavin, J. McGrath, J. E. Chaves, A. B. Bender, W. T. Berthelet, J. C. Haslam, W. Taylor, F. Moroney, A. H. Chirhart, E. S. Chirhart, E. E. Bagard, F. Fishel.

## Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

F. W. Bloom, Geo. F. Sugg, Jas. Noonan, D. Harrington, A. Zahm, E. Orrick, R. Anderson, C. McDermott, F. Grever, Jas. O'Neill, N. Ewing, Jos. Homan, W. B. McGorrisk, J. Casey, J. P. Hagan, E. Otis, H. Simms, G. Clarke, F. Clarke, J. Malloy.

## List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—F. Bloom, Jas. Noonan, A. Zahm, N. Ewing; Greek—F. W. Bloom, A. Zahm; Moral Philosophy—F. W. Bloom; Logic—E. Sugg, J. P. Hagan, D. Harrington, W. Arnold, J. Noonan; English Composition—W. Gray, R. Fleming, J. O'Donnell; Rhetoric—C. B. Van Dusen, C. McDermott; English Literature —; English Criticism—H. Simms, A. Zahm, J. P. Hagan; History—G. Clarke, R. Fleming, C. B. Van Dusen, S. P. Terry, C. McDermott, Jas. Solon; Algebra—E. McGorrisk, C. B. Van Dusen, F. Grever; Geometry—J. Malloy; Trigonometry—C. B. Van Dusen, R. Anderson; Calculus—E. Orrick, W. B. McGorrisk, A. Zahm; Descriptive Geometry—G. Sugg, E. Orrick; Linear Drawing—C. Brehmer, S. P. Terry, F. Rettig, J. K. Schobey; Physiology—F. Quinn, C. L. Hagan; Botany—E. Otis, C. Brinkman; Zoölogy—E. Orrick; Physic —; Chemistry —; Mineralogy —; Geology —.

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### GOING EAST.

**2 25** a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9:50; Cleveland 2:30 p.m.; Buffalo 8:05 p.m.

**1 1 05** a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5:25 p.m.; Cleveland 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

**1 2 16** p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5:40 p.m., Cleveland 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.

**9 12** p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2:40 a.m.; Cleve and, 7:05 a.m.; Buffalo, 11:10 p.m.

**4 50** and **4** p.m., Way Freight.

### GOING WEST.

**2 43** a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.

**5 05** a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m., Chicago 8:20 a.m.

**4 50** p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:40, Chicago, 8 p.m.

**8 03** a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9:05 a.m.; Chicago, 11:30 a.m.

**7 30** and **8 03** a.m., Way Freight.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'lpt.

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#### OMAHA AND CALIFORNIA LINE

is the shortest and best route between Chicago and all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS LINE is the short line between Chicago and all points in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minnesota, Duluth, and all points in the Great Northwest. Its

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GREEN BAY AND MARQUETTE LINE is the only line between Chicago and Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

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CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE LINE is the old Lake-Shore Route, and is the only one passing between Chicago and Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha and Milwaukee.

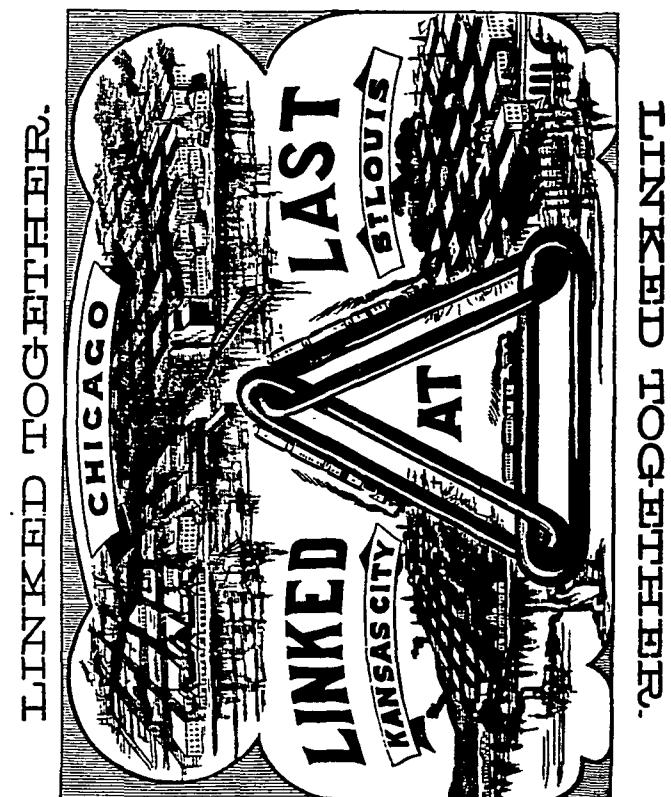
PULLMAN PALACE DRAWING-ROOM CARS are run on all through trains of this road.

New York office, No. 415 Broadway; Boston Office, No. 5 State Street; Omaha Office, 245 Farnham street; San Francisco Office, 121 Montgomery Street; Chicago Ticket Offices, 62 Clark Street, under Sherman House; 75 Canal, corner Madison Street; Kinzie Street Depot, corner of W. Kinzie and Canal Street; Wells Street Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie Streets.

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PROPRIETOR OF THE

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**REMEMBER.** this is the most direct route for all points WEST and SOUTHWEST. For further information, time tables, maps or folders, call upon or address

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Vice Pres't and Gen'l Manager, Chicago.

**E. ST. JOHN,**  
Gen'l Ticket and Pass'r Agent.

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**THE CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN**, published weekly at Columbus, O. Subscriptions from Notre Dame's students and friends solicited. Terms, \$2 per annum.

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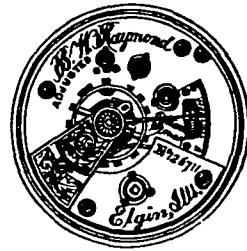
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**Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago**  
AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

**Condensed Time Table, Nov. 10, 1878.**  
TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

**GOING WEST.**

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3 Night Ex	No. 5, Mail
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.12 "	2.55 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.50 "	2.26 "	7.13 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestline..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	.....
Forest.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "	.....
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.20 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "	.....
Plymouth,.....	3.50 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "	.....
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	7.58 "	.....

**GOING EAST.**

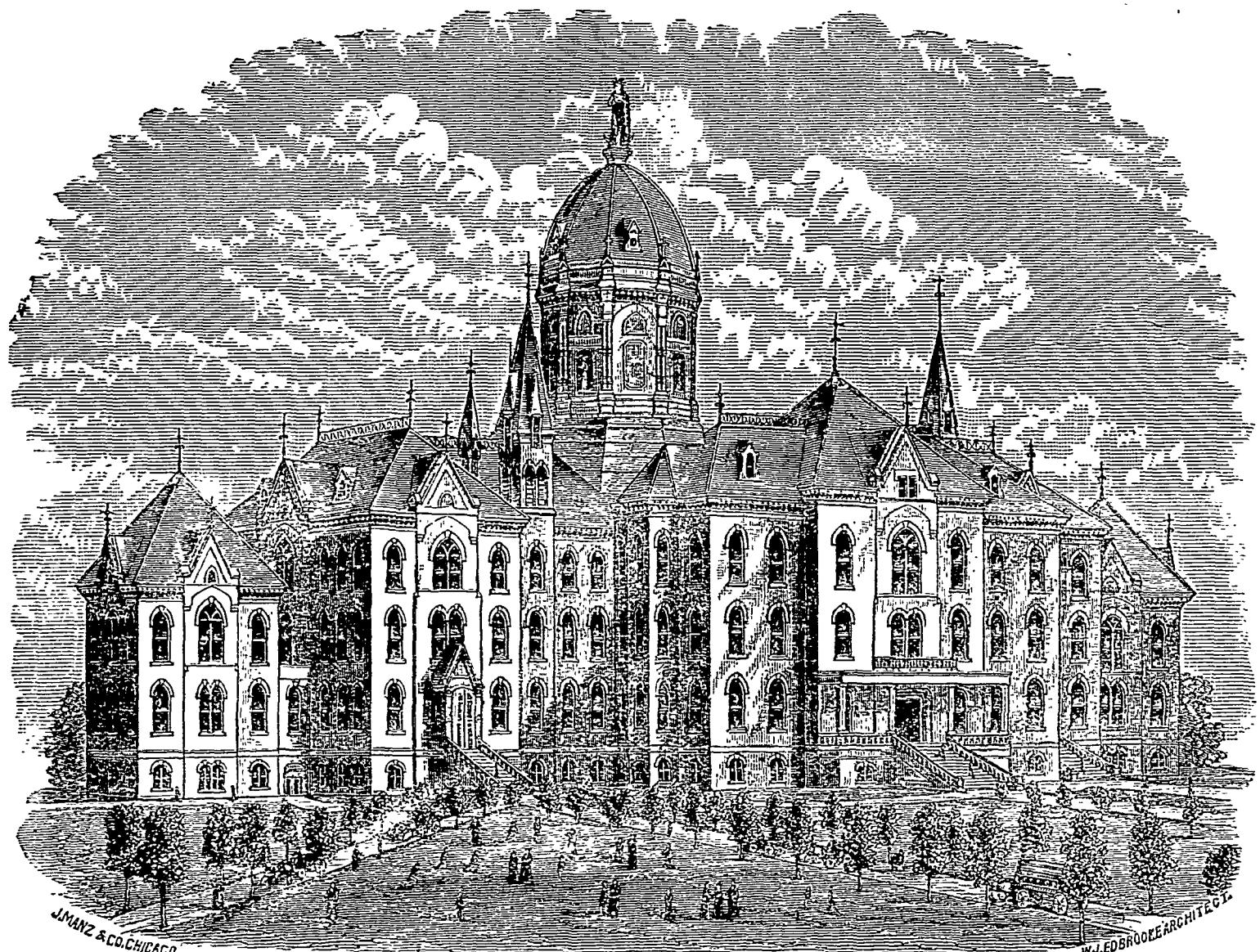
	No. 4, Night Ex	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Atlan. Ex.	No. 8, Mail
Chicago..... LEAVE	9.10 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	.....
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.48 "	8.55 "	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.25 P.M.	11.30 "	.....
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.20 "	1.30 A.M.	.....
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.27 "	2.33 "	.....
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.05 "	.....
Crestline..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.15 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	7.45 "	4.55 "	6.55 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	9.38 "	7.00 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday

This is the only line that runs the celebrated PULLMAN PALACE CARS from Chicago to Baltimore, Washington City, Philadelphia and New York without change. Through tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices at the lowest current rates.

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